

The Historie

Prin. Come hither, Frances. *Fran.* My Lord.
Prin. How long hast thou to serue, Frances?
Fran. Forsooth, five yeeres, and as much as to.
Po. Frances.
Fran. Anon, anon sir.
Prin. Five yeere, berladly a long lease for the clinking of pewter; but Frances, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?
Fran. O Lord sir, ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in England, I could find in my heart.
Poin. Frances. *Fran.* Anon sir.
Prin. How old art thou, Frances?
Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be.
Poin. Frances.
Fran. Anon sir, pray you stay a little my Lord.
Prin. Nay but harke you Frances, for the sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a peniworth, was't not?
Fran. O Lord, I would it had bin two.
Prin. I will giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.
Poin. Frances. *Fran.* Anon, anon.
Prin. Anon Frances, no Frances, but to morrow Frances: or Frances a Thursday; or indeed Frances when thou wilt. But Frances.
Fran. My Lord.
Prin. Wilt thou rob this leatherne Ierkin, cristall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, Caddice garter, smooth tongue, spanish pouch?
Fran. O Lord sir, who doe you meane?
Prin. Why, then your browne ballard is your onely drinke? for looke you Frances, your white canuas doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.
Fran. What sir? *Poin.* Frances.
Prin. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call.
Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.
Enter Vintner.
Vint. What, standst thou stil, and hearst such a calling? looke

to

of Henry the fourth.

to the ghests within. My Lord, old sir Iohn with halfe a douzen more are at the doore, shall I let them in?
Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore: *Poin.*
Poi. Anon, anon sir. *Enter Poin.*
Prince. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the theeues are at the doore, shall we be merry?
Poi. As merry as Crickets, my lad, but harke ye, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? come, what's the issue?
Prin. I am now of all humours, that haue shewed themselues humours since the old dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke, Frances?
Fran. Anon, anon sir.
Prin. That euer this fellowe should haue fewer words then a Parrat, & yet the sonne of a woman. His industrie is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies minde, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some fixe or seuen douzen of Scots at a breakefast, washes his handes, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry saies she! how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answers some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rino* saies the drunkard: call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poi. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou bene?
Fals. A plague of al cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke boy. E're I lead this life long, ile sow neather stocks, and mend them, & foote them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?
he drinketh.
Prin. Didst thou neuer see Tiran kisse a dish of butter, pitiful harted Tiran that melted at the sweet tale of the sonnes; if thou didst, then behold that compound.

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Fals.